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O D E

On the BIRTH-DAY

Of His ROYAL HIGHNESS

GEORGE

PRINCE of *WALES.*

Sung at the Jubilee Ball at Ranelagh June. 1751.

By Mr. W. HAVARD.

K11

The Mufic compos'd by Dr. *BOYCE.*

ODE

On the BIRTH-DAY

OF His ROYAL HIGHNESS

GEORGE

PRINCE of WALES.

By Mr. W. HAYARD.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Music composed by Dr. BOYCE.

ODE

On the BIRTH-DAY Of His ROYAL HIGHNESS GEORGE PRINCE of *Wales.*

RECIT.

LET Grief ſubſide; 'tis fruitleſs to complain;
Sorrow, and ſolemn Dirges are in vain:
Hope ſprings within, and kindly takes the Part
Of Suff'ring Virtue, and the throbbing Heart;
From the dark Vale of Care ſhe points the Eye,
To the bright Proſpect of enlighten'd Joy.

AIR.

And now again the happy Day
Calls for the grateful, willing Lay;
To GEORGE your Voices raiſe.
Nor do we Adulation bring
Wafted on Muſic's downy Wing;
But honeſt, honeſt Praiſe:
'Tis fervent Gratitude to *Heav'n,*
That has this matchleſs Bleſſing giv'n
For what it takes away:
AUGUSTA, thro' thy Night of Grief,
Admit this deareſt, beſt Relief,
The Tranſports of this Day.

RECIT.

Nor does the hoary worn-out Winter bring
A fairer, ſurer Promiſe of the Spring,
Than do the Virtues budding from thy Mind,
O! princely Youth! to all Mankind
As certain Happineſs: come, ſweetly ſmile,
And beam out Bleſſings on this happy Iſle.

AIR.

Tho' round thy Head new Glories ſhine,
Plac'd by thy Grandfire's Care,
They cannot add to Worth like thine,
Or make thy Mind more fair.
England, rejoice! enjoy thy Fate!
What can be more receive?
To be at once both Good and Great
Is all that *Heav'n* can give.

RECIT.

It's ſprightly Note the ſilver Trumpet brings,
And quicker Meaſure bounds along the Strings;
Now ſwell the Strain with Energy divine,
And every grateful Voice our Chorus join.

AIR and DUETTO.

Now let our Praiſes quickly fly
To the Power that rules on high
For Bleſſings yet in Store;
See, ſee the lovely Royal Youth,
He bloms in Wiſdom, Virtue, Truth
Can *Britons* wiſh for more?